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MY  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*George August Patton  
His Childhood Years*





n66/18-

13



To my Nola  
From  
Mother.

Ella Farnsworth.

# MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*Some Events Pathetic  
But Absolutely True*



By Ellen Gray

Born 1861

120  
(G 779m)

DEDICATED  
to  
All orphans in the world.  
With much love and pity  
for  
All unfortunate children.  
Ellen Gray.



ELLEN GRAY



## **P R E F A C E**

The abuse, cruel in extreme as I see it, was caused by the selfishness on the part of one who should have been a helpful, protective friend.

Some statements I will make are seemingly so inconsistent that SOME READERS may doubt the truth. But nevertheless I am relating facts.

The Author.



## CHAPTER I

### THE BEND IN THE ROAD

During my life I have retained a very vivid recollection of the first bend in the road, how it filled my childish mind with awe and wonderment. I wanted to see what was around the bend, all the beautiful trees and the hills. But the more I insisted on going on, then, the more roughly I was hindered by some big person who shook me and beat me until I was terrified. That is why it is indelibly printed in my memory.

That incident happened many, many years ago. I am still traveling on the road of life, but not far ahead of me there is a bend in the road and no one can hinder me, even if they wished, from going on, from seeing around the bend into the — GREAT BEYOND.

"Heaven—O tranquillizing word:  
Thy music now my heart with rapture fills,  
And fans to a flame my Faith, as I  
Look toward the Heavenly Hills  
That which lies beyond: not for my eyes or ears.  
But there is one I know who keeps  
In trust for me—a glad surprise."

A great thinker and writer said, "every child born into the world is a New Thought of GOD, an ever fresh and radiant Possibility." I have watched the rising of a small stream of water after a hard rain. I noticed how the force of water brought big sticks, little sticks, leaves, straw and all kinds of debris. The rush of water made eddys and whirlpools, into which the lighter or weaker debris would be caught and their journey hindered. Or perhaps big sticks or logs would crush them.

Just so it is with children born into this world. If you take opportunity from them, you take their life blood. The big thing in life is — going on.



In the vegetable kingdom, you will notice that the onion will start to grow without soil or water. This proves also that there is more in cultivation,—than in birth. True an onion is an onion, regardless of where it is planted. But if planted in soil adapted to onion growth the gardener will be delighted with success. Any child is more or less visionary. Actions are the expressions of the vision in terms of life.

The child's mind will unfold and develop; through action mould into reality. These facts make reason declare, absolutely—there should be no under-privileged children.

## CHAPTER II

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF

I know nothing of the circumstances that led my Father to leave or place me in the care of this family—The Hills. As far as I remember he visited me just two times before he went somewhere further in the east. After I could read, sometimes there would be a letter given me signed—Father. This would mean nothing to me, as the occasion of my remembering him at all was in learning, "Our Lord's Prayer." He insisted on saying "trespasses"; instead Mr. Hill always said "debtors". My Father would tap his foot on the floor and say, "No, no, not debtors — trespasses."

When I was about nine years old a letter came to me from my Father, telling me that he was a very sick man, and that the doctor had told him he would die very soon. Then I never heard from him again.

This last letter contained some good advice to a girl. He told me to keep the letter, so I could read the letter and understand the advice, for he knew at that age I could not. The advice was, "Beware of the deceitful, flattering tongues of men." Also with this last letter came a signet ring, but my initials were not on the ring. Was this fact because he was uncertain about my adoption by this family? He should have known, for he was a capable person, a school teacher; he should have seen to it that "his child" had proper care. It may be Mrs. Hill impressed him, as she aimed to impress the public—that I was adopted.

This incident proves that. It was Sunday morning, we were ready to get into the springwagon when Mother, (Mrs. Hill) said, in her positive manner, "Now Ellen, we are going to Beech Run, to a quarterly meeting, and if anyone asks you who's little girl you are, you say, 'I'm Mrs. Hill's little adopted girl'."

A country Church with all day service. During the recess on the grounds many of the congregation asked me, "Oh,

who's little girl are you?" And of course I answered, "Mrs. Hill's little adopted daughter." although the meaning was vague to me. Every three months we would go to a quarterly meeting held in one of the Churches in the district, as they were all in the country, and always following my instructions at each place. I, in part at least, fulfilled her purpose.

I was not legally adopted. But this was a clever idea best known to herself.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE TURKEY EGGS

One of the duties that I learned to perform while a very small child was to gather the eggs. On the farm in that day hens were not confined in or to space as they are today in the modern way. They were privileged to make their nests in the barn, hay lofts, or mangers, and even out in the meadows. I was given very positive instructions, that if a hen was on a nest, I was not to disturb her nor scare her off the nest; she was a setting hen.

The turkey hen has a trait or habit that I learned also. If I had been told, I could and would have remembered it without a whipping. But that was long, long ago, and I am alive to write the story.

The Morgan Farm joined the Hill Farm, and the Morgan Home was a half mile down the country road. One day Mrs. Hill gave me a note, telling me to take it to the Morgan Home, and to be sure to give it to Mrs. Morgan and, obeying her, I did. Also she told me to come home through the clearing (that was land where the big trees were taken out and nothing but saplings and brush were growing.) I started home immediately after I had given the note to Mrs. Morgan. Just as I had been told to do, I started home through the clearing, and I soon came to a turkey's nest. I had heard Mrs. Hill tell about the turkey's mean habit of straying off from home to make their nests, but I did not know that as long as anyone was in sight a turkeyhen would not leave her nest. But I learned it that day.

A turkey hen was on her nest, and I suppose I shouldn't shoo her off her nest, just the same as a chicken hen. So I bent over a sapling and climbed on pretending it was a horse while waiting for the turkey hen to come off her nest. But she didn't come off her nest. Mrs. Hill came to the clearing after me, and told me then what she

should have explained to me before. Then she twisted and broke off a long sapling branch, and struck me. Naturally I started to run, she called to me to stop, and I did. She struck me again, saying, "I will teach you not to stay when I send you anywhere." I told her I was waiting for the turkey hen to come off her nest. Then she answered me by saying, "You little fool, you might have known she wouldn't come off her nest as long as she could see you." The truth was—I did not know. All the way home she would strike me with that sapling, every time she could reach me. When I would start to run, she would call to me to stop, and hit me over the shoulders many times. And those hits made a very bad bruise on one of my shoulders that made me suffer for a long time. The next day she brought home the turkey eggs, and I heard her say to Mr. Hill, "I've a mind to set all the turkey hens down in the clearing. If I break up their nests they will go somewhere else." And she did set all the turkey hens down in the clearing.

Later a lot of little turkeys were hatched. Most every day I would be sent to feed them, with skimmed milk and curd-cheese. Something caught and killed one of the turkey hens and all but five of the little ones. These five were brought home and given to me to raise. I cared for them, as hand care goes, and I loved those little motherless things. They would begin their funny chatter very early in the evening. I knew they were telling me, "We want to go to bed."

As I write, I am reminded of an incident of these little turkeys which made me laugh, and I laugh now as I write. It was in the sixties, although I cannot recall just what year, but it was the year of the total eclipse of the sun. It began to get dark about two o'clock in the afternoon, and these little turkeys thought it was time to go to bed. They began to chatter their little sleepy song until I put them to bed. The eclipse lasted about one hour, then the sun came out just as bright as ever. Then I let the little

turkeys out from their beds, and they acted as if they were saying, "why, this is so unusual."

When they were grown, they too wandered off into the same clearing, just like their mothers had done. When I would go to bring home the turkey eggs, I would always see a reminder of the sapling that I rode upon for a horse, and think of the sapling from which I tried so hard to escape.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE CHERRIES

Cherries had commenced to ripen on the ten trees which were in a row between the house and barn. Mrs. Hill, whom I called Mother, had said to me, "Ellen Gray, you are not to take one cherry, for I want them all to put up air tight. We are not going to get much fruit this year, I'm afraid."

I do not believe I would have ventured to have taken one cherry, if circumstances had been different. On the following Sabbath afternoon a neighbor woman and two daughters called at our home. The two women were busy talking, and we, as all children, wanted to have a good time, so out we went. By and by the younger of the two girls discovered that some of the cherries were ripening, and she said, "Let's get some." And I said, with great emphasis in my voice, "Mother doesn't allow me to." The elder girl said, "Oh, they are quite too busy talking to think about us, or cherries either." At that moment they both ran to the trees.

It was an easy matter to step off the "high board" fence into a tree. By the time they were enjoying the delicious fruit, I was beside the tree looking up at them. I did not climb into the tree, and I only ate whatever the girls saw fit to throw down to me. It was with fear and trembling that I went to the house. By Mother's look I believed she knew about the tasting of the cherries.

The Mother and girls barely reached the outside of the yard when with a look that made me shudder, she said, "Oh, but I'll make you suffer tomorrow for going and taking those girls and eating the cherries. I told you not to eat or pull one of them." It was in the humblest manner I told her the truth about it, but she only gave me black looks. Then she said, "Don't sin more by telling me a lie. What does God think about you? I'll not whip you today,



this is the Sabbath Day, but tomorrow I'll make you remember this. I'm sorry I took you to raise, you are more bother than help." By this time I was crying, and she said, "Shut up your crying and go gather the eggs, you little torment." At that I left the house. When I got to the barn, I dropped down on my knees and cried and sobbed, and I wished for a Mother that was kind and would not whip me so. I gathered the eggs and went back to the house. I did not sit down to the supper table, but went upstairs to bed, and oh, such a night it was for me. I could not keep from thinking of the whipping I knew I was sure to receive on the morrow. The night of suspense was worse than the whipping.

In the morning when she called to me, "Ellen get up," I was awake and dressed. I went downstairs, and out into the kitchen, she then said, "eat your breakfast." When I arose from the breakfast table, I saw her take from off the kitchen mantel a big switch, and saying, "You know I told you I would whip you about the cherries". It seemed the first blow renewed her wrath, for when she did quit my little body was in welts which remained for several days.

But this unjust whipping was only one of the many I received during my stay with this family.

## CHAPTER V

### THE WATER GATE

As I write, I have a picture in my mind of a little run, trailing, zig-zag through a sugar camp for more than a mile, then on through a meadow land perhaps three miles, and there this little run emptied into the Sheets Run. It was there that a water gate was doing duty, and is the base for three stories, each containing a laugh.

The first two stories concern myself. Very often after a hard rain this water gate would be held up by debris which had caught when the water had been at its highest. If the gate was up it was an easy matter for hogs or geese to come through into Mr. Hills meadow land. If this land was sown in grain, these hogs and geese could and did do much damage before the grain could be harvested. After the hard rain, giving the water time to recede, I would be sent out to shut the water-gate. This time I was busy pulling out the rubbish so the gate would come down, when looking up, I saw a black man coming straight down the road toward me. I had never seen a negro before. I was so scared I began climbing the high rail fence as fast as I could. I noticed as he passed by he laughed, so loud, but I didn't see anything funny. It was just at that time Mr. Morgan came riding by, and he was laughing as he said to me, "Ellen, you do not need to be afraid. That negro man that went by won't hurt you." I knew by that Mr. Morgan understood the situation, but nevertheless, I went home as fast as I could. When I told about the black man, Mr. Hill laughed and said, "Ellen, this negro man is the only one around in this country that I know about. He is a good citizen, and I fought for his privilege to vote for our President."

Another big rain, and I was sent to 'fix' the water gate. I got it down with very little trouble, and I was soon on my way home, and was part way through the sugar camp

when I decided I would like to take a boat ride. For my boat I found a big water trough. And what a time I had getting it into the water right side up. For my oars I had two sticks. I got in and pushed off. All went well until the "trough" floated into a whirlpool, then it was different. Down went the trough, girl and all, to the bottom. I floundered and rolled, and grabbed hold of bushes within my reach. By that time I was in shallow water, and I could wade out. The sun was shining and it was very hot. This suggested to me I could stand, or walk around wherever the sun seemed most powerful, and I would soon be dry. I got dry, but it had not occurred to me that the time I had been gone was much longer than the usual time. The folks wondered what had happened, and Mr. Hill came himself to see. He did not scold me, but laughed and said, "Child, don't ever try that again, you might get drowned." I said, "I won't," and meant it. Before going home we went to the water-gate. Mr. Hill said, "As I am this near, I'll look how things are. I can see the wheat is heading up fine, and will soon be ready for harvest." How he praised me up as a flood-gate tender, looking at the pile of brush I had pulled out to let the flood-gate come down. We started home and went up by the run along the fence. We discovered the hogs, on the outside, were rooting under the fence. We carried big rocks and filled in where they had rooted, and as we left, he said, "Well, that seems secure, but I don't know, hogs can do lots of damage." When we got home Mr. Hill began telling how I had carried rocks to fix the fence where hogs had rooted under. He talked on about the trouble he always had with the hogs and geese on Sheets Run. Mrs. Hill asked me no questions, and as far as I know she never knew anything about my adventure in a sugar trough on Sugar Run.

In this incident, Mr. Hill and those troublesome geese, and all the officers of a Church, figured. The following day after we had fixed the fence, Mr. Hill told me to go down to the grain field. If everything was all right I was to hurry

right back, and if anything was wrong I was to stay and drive out anything that was in the field, and he would come quickly, for he would ride. He came, for both hogs and geese were in the grain. In my trying to drive the hogs out it made the geese scatter into the wheat-field the more. Then Mr. Hill was angry. He sent me to tell Mrs. Franks to come and get her geese. But she did not come. She told me to tell him there was no law against her geese being out on the commons, and he could fix his fence if he did not want the geese in his field. We had a time driving the geese out and while we were doing so, Mr. Hill killed two geese and he took them to the owner, Mrs. Franks. I was not with him, and I don't know what he told her, but I do know that he supposed she would keep the geese home, but she didn't. The next morning very early I was sent with the same orders; the geese were in the grain field. Mr. Hill came with a gun and shot four geese and threw them over the fence onto the road. Then he went to the Greenwalts and asked them to please keep the hogs up until after his grain was harvested, which they did. But nothing more was said of the geese killing for a few weeks, until this happened in a Methodist Church of which Mr. Hill was the Class Leader.

Seldom did Mrs. Franks ever come to this Methodist Church, but she was there this particular morning. It was the custom in this church for the Class Leader to stand before each man, woman or a child, and ask them if they had a testimony in regard to their salvation. When he asked Mrs. Franks the question, she rose up quickly and voiced—"Quack, quack, quack," and with the last quack she was going out the Church door. There was a great effort on the part of all the official members to continue the meeting as if nothing had happened to disturb the meeting.

This Church was one of four in a circuit. Every fourth Sunday the preacher came to "Little Mills Church". And it so happened this was the day he came in late and knew nothing about the disturbance, which happened before

he arrived. Yet as I remember it, he sensed something was wrong. For in his prayer he implored GOD to move upon the people, and to break through, even here in Little Mills, that hearts may be melted with compassion, and that the "Christian" be impelled to walk carefully, for danger is always lurking near. And there were several words in that Prayer that I did not understand, he prayed with such desperate earnestness that I remember, and later understood their meaning. As soon as the congregation was dismissed, young and old grouped together, and began discussing what had taken place during Morning Class Meeting. Some talked loud, and others almost in a whisper. All the trustees surrounded the preacher, and he soon knew all that could be told of what had taken place. Mrs. Franks was not a member of the Methodist Church, so the point was, what could be done? All agreed that something should be done, so the officials were to meet on the next evening to agree on what that something should be.

They met and brought an indictment against Mrs. Franks for disturbing a Religious Meeting, and she in turn brought suit against Mr. Hill for killing her geese. I was the star witness for both sides. I had seen Mr. Hill kill the geese. Her lawyer got that out of me. I was so scared that I cried. Mr. Hill's lawyer had to tell of being sent by Mr. Hill to Mrs. Frank's, asking her to please keep her geese out of his grain field. I had to relate the message she sent back to Mr. Hill by me. The trial continued the second day, and it ended with a settlement of some kind for the geese, while the court had Mrs. Frank sign some kind of paper.

## CHAPTER VI

### MY EFFORTS TO BE HOSPITABLE

On this particular day Mr. and Mrs. Hill had gone in to Ohio on business, and they expected to get back home about two o'clock. Along toward noon Mrs. Hill's brother came. I was the only one in the big house. Until after this occasion I was not allowed to make any fire in the cook stove when they were away. I knew Mr. Gorrell must be very hungry as he came such a long distance—from Beach Run. A happy thought struck me. I could do what Mrs. Hill always did; give him a glass of good Cattoba grape wine and a plate of cookies. After he drank the wine I had poured for him and eaten the little plate of cookies, he said, "I'm still hungry, I'll eat more cookies, but I'll have to have more wine". I took the glass and emptied all the wine from the bottle into it (which wasn't more than a swallow) and I said, "That's all in the bottle". He said, "Haven't they more wine"? Then I told him where it was, but I couldn't reach it. He said, "Maybe I can," and he did. He took a bottle of wine to the table with him where he poured and drank until that bottle was empty. By that time he began to act so strangely I felt afraid of him. I went out to the big road and I climbed up on top of one of the big posts of the gate which opened onto the road.

When I saw the Hills coming I ran down the road to meet them and gave them the alarming story that there was something dreadful the matter with her brother, Mr. Gorrell. Then Mrs. Hill asked me questions, and by the time we were in the yard I had told her I had given him cookies and wine. I asked, "Wasn't that all right"? She answered, "Yes, but there must be something else the matter, for that wouldn't make him sick". Then she said to Mr. Hill, "Jacob, don't put the horse away, you may have to go for Doctor Boone". He did not go for

Doctor Boone, for her brother was just plain drunk. She didn't scold me, but said, "After this, when we are gone, you make a fire in the cook stove and make some sassafras tea and if anyone comes before we get home you can serve them a cup of sassafras tea. But don't you touch the store tea or coffee. I'll let you make the fire in the stove after this so you will learn how to be careful."

## CHAPTER VII

### WASHING THE CLOTHES

I was the washing machine. And this is the way I was worked. Strong lye soap was put either in a tub or one of the large iron kettles used in making maple syrup. Then I would get in and tramp, and tramp. I would get so tired and slow up, then Mrs. Hill would put more hot water in; she must have known it would make me go faster. It was after one of these early spring bedclothes washings, and the wind was cold, and I being very warm by being in the hot water, took a very severe cold. She began to treat me with home remedies such as boneset tea and castor oil, but I became worse. Soon my throat almost closed. She must have been frightened, for she sent for Doctor Boone. It was the morning of the third day that the doctor came. In the meantime the gathering in my throat had broken, and the worst of the throat trouble was over, but evidently the doctor had seen symptoms of other troubles to take care of, for he began slipping powder from the point of his pen-knife, and rolling them up until he had made several powders. Then he said to Mrs. Hill, "I'll give her one now, and you give her one at bedtime, and tomorrow give her one every three hours." Then turning to me, Doctor Boone said, "Now, Ellen, you must lie quietly in bed because of the powders". Again he turned to Mrs. Hill and said, "Did you ever hear of a medicine that would make you more sick before it made you well"? She answered, "I reckon". She did not give me a powder that night, nor the next morning, but instead we went to the loom house. That is where the weaving is done.

I sat behind the gears in the loom and handed in cotton threads to her as she hooked them through the gears. We were there until noon, and by that time I was coughing and I was shaking with cold although I was wrapped



up. I was too sick to go back to the loom house after dinner. I continued to cough like the croup, and that decided Mr. Hill to go after Doctor Boone. When Doctor Boone came, almost the first thing he said was, "Little lady, did you take the powders?" But Mrs. Hill answered, "I had some work that had to be done. You said she must stay in bed. I just couldn't spare her to do that; she was a lot better anyway".

But it was a long time before I could finish handing in threads in the loom.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE OLD BUCKEYE SEWING MACHINE

This machine required to be fastened to a stand by set-screws, and the wheel was turned by hand. This machine would not push or feed the material through under the foot. My painful job was to sit on the opposite side of the stand and pull the goods through. If she turned the wheel fast or slow I was supposed to pull the goods just to suit her. I sometimes failed. It depended on the wheel turning or the texture of the goods. When the goods didn't move right she would reach over and slap me on the side of the head.

This incident caused quite a commotion. Thornton, a married son, was in the room at the time the slapping was taking place. He said to his Mother, "Stop mistreating that child". But she told him to shut up or she would slap his face. He answered back, "Well you are equal to it. You know, Mother, you never have treated a woman that was in this house right," and added, "I'm going to talk this over with Father". Now Mr. Hill was a very pious gentleman. I don't know what was said between Father and Son, but the outcome was estrangement, and it was some weeks before he came into his Father's home again.

Thornton and his wife, Mary, had lived with his Father and Mother while their own home was being built. When Thornton told his Mother she never had treated any woman right, he may have been referring to unpleasant happenings that I knew nothing about, but I almost told him there were things I did know but felt that I did not dare tell. I wonder what would have happened if I had done so.

After Thornton and Mary were established in his Father's home he bought his wife a new saddle. His Mother was furious. She took me to the barn with her, saying, "That old saddle was plenty good enough, I'll show them". She took a ladder from under the hayloft,

placed it beside the great big oats bin which was about twelve feet high, and said to me, "Now you go up that ladder to the very top". Then she got the new saddle and started to come up, too, but she could not manage it, so she old me to come back down far enough to get hold of the stirrups. With the efforts of my pulling and Mrs. Hill pushing we got the saddle to the top of the bin. She told me to push it over into the bin. It took all the strength I had, but over it went. In a day or so a report went out that a valuable saddle had been stolen.

Another "mean thing" I will mention is the time she made me hide the chamber that belonged in the bedroom that Thornton and his wife, Mary, occupied. I don't know whether Mary said anything about it or not. I know that I felt guilty, although forced to do as I was told.

It was some months before the saddle was discovered. It came about like this: at the bottom of the oats bin there was a spout, with a door that would slide up and down, where oats would pour out into whatever measure that was wanted. One day there came into the spout an obstruction. The hired man climbed to the top of the oats bin to see what it was. He had to lower a lantern to make sure what the obstruction was, and then he had to place another ladder down on the inside to get the saddle.

At the supper table that night there was great speculation as to how that saddle got there. Mrs. Hill and I were the only two people that knew, but there was not one person who was present who would have suspected me.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE BLACKBERRIES

Mr. Hill kept his farm in a very neat, clean condition. The fence corners were all kept clean of weeds. No blackberry vines were ever allowed to grow anywhere on the farm. The Morgan farm adjoining the Hill farm had plenty of briars and plenty of good berries every year. Mrs. Hill was given the privilege by the Morgans of helping herself to all she wanted (for she said so). She told me to take a milk bucket and get all I could, and I did. It was about eleven o'clock when I came back to the house. She told me to take them to the milk house so they could keep cool. After dinner she filled up a gallon tin bucket and told me to take them to Mr. Morgan's store, which was in Shilo, two miles from the Hill home. Mr. Morgan had John and Cynthia Martin in charge of his store. Mr. Morgan was seldom ever in his store, as he was a stockholder and manager of the Shilo Woolen Mills, and as a rule he was always there. The nearer I got to the store the more I dreaded it. What if he was there. He knows me and also knows that any berries I handle would in reality be his own berries, and I knew there was a question of right and wrong asking him to buy his own berries.

At a quick glance as I entered the store I saw Mr. Morgan was not there. How relieved I was. John Martin said, "I can't take your berries. See, I can not sell the ones I have now". Then he asked me if I had carried them all the way from the farm? I answered "yes". He said, "Too bad. You wait here a little bit, Mr. Morgan will be here in a few minutes. Maybe he will take them to keep you from carrying them back home." I did not wait. As soon as John Martin turned to wait on a customer I walked out the back door of the store with bucket and berries. I walked more than a half mile out of my way

for fear that I would meet Mr. Morgan. I knew just the way he would come to the store.

Mrs. Hill did not scold me because they would not take my berries. One of her brothers was there when I got home, and she did not say much about it. I had expected to be scolded for not waiting for Mr. Morgan.

## CHAPTER X

### THE DOLL BABY

It was in September of the year of my eighth birthday when what seemed to me a great event took place. I went to school. A very lovely young woman, Thursia Pierce by name, was the teacher. She came to the Hill's home to board. The district school house was two miles away from the Hill home and when the weather was bad Thornton would take us to school in the spring wagon.

Mrs. Hill, before the school term was out, for some reason had taken a violent dislike to Miss Pierce and made her so miserable that she went to another home to board. And that ended my school days for that year.

After Miss Pierce had finished her school term and had gone back to her Ohio home she sent a box to me. That box contained a beautiful doll with four carefully made dresses, underwear, hats and shoes. She had made the shoes from her old kid gloves, one pair black, one pair brown, and had even worked eyelet holes up the front of the shoes for the laces, which were fine silk cord.

The little blue jacket—how adorable—with tiny buttons on the shoulders and down the front. I shall refer to this Jacket later in this writing. I laughed and cried with joy over this, my first, my very own doll. I did not know that in the near future I would be crying without the laugh about my dear, dear beautiful doll.

After the supper work was done I had hoped to play with my doll, but Mrs. Hill said, "Ellen, you put that doll with clothes and all right back in that box, and you put it under my bed". Now her bed was curtained around, and underneath the bed Mr. Hill kept his bonds and valuable papers. I had been warned repeatedly not to touch a thing under that bed. How was I to get hold of my doll; that was the question in my mind when I went up to my bed which was in one end of this particular room.

A very amusing thing happened that night. A fierce cat fight raged out in the yard, and Mr. Hill said, "Drat that doll under the bed. The cats sound just like the doll crying." Mrs. Hill said, "You go out and chase the cats away. You'll not have to bother about the doll long, I'll attend to that." I knew then something was going to happen to my precious doll; I could sense it in the tone of her voice.

Several months went by and I began to feel at ease. I was not allowed to play with the doll, but whenever someone would come, I could always show it and tell who gave it to me, and that was some comfort. But at last the sad day came. Some relatives from the middle west came to visit, bringing with them their little girl who was less than a year younger than I. Mrs. Hill forced me to give this little girl my doll with all its clothes, saying, "I was too old, country girls don't play with dolls, it isn't profitable". With her little girl relative it was different. She was a city girl. With a heavy heart I helped pack my adorable doll and all her beautiful clothes into a box; all except her little blue jacket with the little tiny buttons on it. This I did manage to sneak out when the chance came.

After the folks left I was trying so hard not to cry, I'm not sure if she thought the doll or the folks going was the cause. She had shed tears when she said goodbye, but I knew the why of the tears in my eyes. She seemed so cross, she shook me and said, "Take the apple parings and stuff from the kitchen to the hogs."

How well I remember how glad I was to get away, and how, when I was out of sight, got down on my knees and prayed to die.

## CHAPTER XI

### Part 1

#### WHY I RAN AWAY

This urge came from breaking dishes, sort of a wholesale break; five or six plates. It happened this way.

This particular day was in the last of May. Mr. Hill always aimed to have all his corn planted before or by the twenty-ninth of May. After breakfast this morning Mrs. Hill said to me, "Now Ellen, you wash up the dishes while I tend to the milk and things, and you put all the dishes you wash up on the safe," and added, "I am glad the corn planting is done, for today I want you to scour the poplar cupboard and brass kettles and all the milk crock lids. Make haste now, and have all the dishes done by the time I get back to the house".

I did hurry, but the ends of my toes were painfully sore from wearing my copper-toed shoes, which I wore through the winter and had outgrown in length (then eight months after they were new). I had been dropping corn every day for five days with these shoes on my feet. It was necessary to wear shoes to do this corn dropping right. (Every time I see a wedding march it reminds me of dropping corn),

Mr. Hill had many modern farm implements, but at that time (1872) he did not have a corn planter. I was trying to speed and put the dishes up on the safe, which was much higher than I. I had to step from a small box onto a chair, and the chair was one of those old-fashioned cane-bottom kind. I stubbed my toe on it, and in doing this, down went the dishes onto the floor. I saw they were broken and was filled with fear. My urge was to get away, for it was only a short time before this I had let slip from my hands a cup in which she kept her fat and grease. (Cups in those days did not have handles on them). For this she slapped me, saying, "I could kick you a mile". That was one of her common expressions, so naturally



I wanted to get away. I grabbed my sunbonnet, went to my bedroom and got my small testament (I can't explain why). I ran out the back way into the peach orchard, and then through a woods, until I came onto the big road. It had not occurred to me where to go, I just wanted to get away.

Then there came to me a very comforting thought. I could go to Marcella Flesher Williamson's grave. I was one among those who loved her. I knew the inscription on the monument at the head of her grave. I thought, "If God took her, she doesn't have any more trouble. I'll go to her grave; surely HE will take me". So I hurried on. I knew near ways to go by climbing fences and following cow paths. I presume it was between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning when I did reach the grave.

I was so tired and confused, for it seemed I was reaching out for something that wasn't there. I lay my head on her grave and went to sleep. During the time I was sleeping I heard singing, and the words were:

We shall meet on the banks of the river

Happy, happy there for evermore.

We shall dwell with the Angels, and join the Coral Song  
With our loved ones, loved ones gone before.

When I was fully awake, I realized the words I had heard were words of a hymn sung at Marcella's Funeral Service held in Fairview Methodist Church. From where I sat I could see the little Church, also the Williamson's home, the home of Marcella's father-in-law. I thought, "What if Hanible, Jr. should come to visit his wife's grave. And I wondered what I should do in case he did come. I decided I would tell him all my troubles, but he didn't come.

Sometime in the afternoon a woman whom I didn't know passed close by. She asked me, "Are you well?" I was very startled and answered, "Not very," hardly knowing what I was saying. This incident helped me. It seemed to open the door of my heart, and being relieved, I could

weep. That was a relief and I could think more clearly. Then I picked up my testament to read in it, although I could not understand it, even literally.

Just how it happened that I began to read in the book of James, Chapter five, I don't know. But in my childish mind I kept believing that it was talking to the Hills. This is the way I figured it out: Their "reputation" was what they made people think, putting them in the good class. But GOD, HE could see their true "character"—what they truly were. This gave me comfort. I felt the Lord was on my side.

Then evening approached, and the noise of the carpenters pounding in the town near by ceased. Only the mooing of the cows here and there; the twitter of birds in the bushes along the fence; the lowering of the sun in the west—all this seemed to mock me in my loneliness and I prayed. Great need helped me to word my prayer, and I know God heard and helped me to decide to go back to the place I called Home; for until darkness came I meant to stay on the ground around the lonely grave.

You may say that the darkness frightened me, but that was not the reason I was frightened; instead it was the dread of facing a "brawling woman" who was sure to mete out some sort of cruel punishment to me. I realized that I was about five miles from home by the county road; this was the road I would have to follow because of the darkness. The birds had gone to their nests, and all was still, and I cannot explain how overwhelmed I was with the whole circumstance. As I started down the cow path toward the county road I could not see to pick my steps, and my feet being so tender I could not go fast. I felt glad when I could see a light here and there in the one-street little village named Rippentuck, so-called because of the sawmill there that provided work for many of the men in the community.

I passed noiselessly along, meeting no one, but every dog (it seemed to me) in the town sensed a passer-by

and, if they were loose, investigated. I knew enough to keep quiet and not run, and the dogs would go back.

The road led up a hill through the woods more than a mile. It was very dark, no moon, but I could look up and see stars whenever I seemed to lose my way. Tree tops seemed to separate and form a trail that helped to keep me on the road. It seemed much lighter at the top of the hill because of coming out of the woods. Here at this point another road came into the county road. I heard horses coming fast, and my heart jumped. I hid behind some bushes until they were by and out of my hearing. I don't know who the riders were.

The road led by three farm houses. I knew at the first one there was a dog and hoped to get by without being heard. I did, and the second house also, but the third house was so close to the road that, barefooted as I was, someone on the front porch heard me and a woman called out, "Is that you, Ellen?" But I did not answer.

A little further on, a private road came into the county road and led up a hollow wooded on each side with pine. It was dark, and the odor of pole-cat was sickening. I knew if I met one I was helpless to defend myself. I knew also the cats could be far from the road and yet seem unpleasantly near, which must have been so in this case.

Passing by Thornton's house I could see a light, and the dog, Major, came to the road, but did not bark for he knew me. By this time I could see the house I called—HOME. No light was there. Grant, the dog, came to meet me and did not bark; he just twisted and wiggled like he was trying to help me.

I went to the kitchen's west porch and sat down—all was still inside. Soon I began to slowly raise the window. I found the stick that was used to hold the window up and after fixing it in place I climbed into the kitchen and went to my bed which was at the end of Mrs. Hill's bedroom. I couldn't get my dress all unbuttoned in the back, so I got into bed, dress, dust and all. In a few minutes I felt a hand passing over the top of the covers. I shuddered.

Then I heard her say to Hr. Hill, as she got back into her bed, "She's here, Jacob". They talked some, and she was very positive that I should be punished, while Mr. Hill was positive that I should not. I heard him say very emphatically, "Priscilla, I tell you, I know many times you are to blame for any trouble you think you have". She said, "If I had known what having a girl in the house was like she wouldn't be here". He said, "You were a girl once yourself, weren't you? Did you ever do anything to upset the house? I wonder." At this I felt so comforted to know Mr. Hill considered my happiness. And then I went to sleep.

It was late the next morning when Mrs. Hill jerked me awake saying, "Get to the kitchen and eat your breakfast. And where did you get anything to eat yesterday?" I told her the truth. But she said, "I don't believe you, you got something to eat somewhere, and I'll find out where, then I'll make you wish you had told me the truth". I ate what she told me to eat, and as much. It was more than my stomach could digest, being so overly tired and having had no food since breakfast the day before. After I had eaten she said, "Now I am going away for a while; you go into the garden and weed in the onion and the beet beds, and where they are thick you thin them out. Don't you come in from the garden while I am gone."

Mr. and Mrs. Hill rode away and I went to the garden and began pulling weeds just as she had told me to do. The sun shone down on me so hot that I became sick. In some way, I am not sure just now, Thornton discovered me and carried me to the house. He made me a bed on the front porch with a quilt and pillow. A neighbor man came to see the folks about something concerning work, and he was sure that I had been sunstruck, and said, "Don't let her go to sleep, for she will never wake up". He kept washing my face with cold water while Thornton made boneset tea and gave it to me to drink as hot as I could drink it. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Hill came home. Thornton and his father both agreed there was a need for

the doctor and Thornton went for Doctor Boone. They came back together and I heard the doctor tell Thornton that it was a good thing that he had given me hot boneset tea.

Doctor Boone gave me three doses of medicine before he left, saying, "I'll be back sometime this evening". He came with more powders and a big bottle of Tincture of Iron. I must have looked sick. Sarah Varner, the woman that was spinning wool in the loom house, came out on the porch and she exclaimed, "Lord bless the child, what's the matter with her."

It was a long time before I was well. I never knew how much concerned Mrs. Hill was about my health, but she gave me the kindest treatment; and the kindest words one day when she said to me, "I'm afraid my little girl is very sick". The words and the tone she used to say them were so unlike any that I was used to that my whole being seemed to respond and take a new lease on life.

She never referred to the broken dishes or the running away in my presence.

## CHAPTER XI

### Part 2

#### THE LONELY GRAVE

On a high hill above the Ohio River and in the state of West Virginia there stands a towering monument which marks "A Lonely Grave". This grave is the resting place of a beloved school teacher.

She had been married only a few months when she died. It was her husband's wish that she be laid to rest on the top of this high hill, where they had planned to build their home.

On this tall monument that marks the grave to her memory he has these words inscribed:

"We loved her, yes we loved her,  
No tongue can tell how much we loved her, or how well.  
But GOD loved her more, and HE thought it best  
To take her home to be at rest."

Hanibal Williamson, Jr. was a steamboat pilot on the Ohio River. It was said the reason he had the tall monument placed at Marcella's grave was so he could see it from the time that his boat left the little town of Sardis until it reached Grandview, a distance of seven or eight miles.



CHAPTER XII  
**THE BIG WHEEL**  
and  
**KIND MEMORIES OF JEFFERSON**

Before I was twelve years old I was a helper both indoors and outside. I hackeled and scutched all the flax and filled all the quills for weaving. That was done on the little wheel. I twisted all the cotton for all the warp in the loom. This I did on the big wheel. It would stand on one end of the front porch. To do this I would give the wheel a turn with my right hand, and with the cotton in my left hand I then walked backwards to the end of the porch. By the time I got to the end of the porch the cotton would be twisted; then with a certain movement of the arms and hands, by the time I got back to the wheel, and gave the wheel another turn, it would wind up the cotton on a big spool. Then I would repeat this same performance all the day.

I was a child that would respond to praise, and well did Mrs. Hill know it. She would praise my work to the home folks and to the neighbors. I have heard her say, "Why, that girl can twist twelve cuts of cotton in a day, and that's a good day's work for any woman."

I used to amuse myself by placing a tin cup of water inside the rim of the wheel. It would not spill out, which at that time was wonderful to me.

The wool and flax was spun by Sara Varner. She would come to the house to do the spinning at such times as the little wheel was not needed for quill filling.

I believe that there is nothing more painful to a child than to be wrongfully accused or blamed. It is as though you drove a nail into a board and then pulled out the nail—but the hole is still there. However, good came to me from this incident.

It was Indian Summer—in October. Mrs. Hill said to me, "Now Ellen, you are not going to school today; I want



a lot of quills filled." I started to the loom house and she called to me saying, "Ellen, don't you come to the house until after the men have eaten their dinner and have gone". Well, I didn't see anything wrong about that; I was only an innocent girl. But the next day I could see and feel that something had taken place with the family; and this is why and how.

Jefferson, the oldest of the three sons, was a lawyer and lived in a distant city. He very seldom came home, so this particular day was a surprise to the family, and proved good for me in this way. Jefferson made the way for me to have ten months of schooling, which I could not have gotten any other way.

Jefferson had come from the county seat to the farm, and he came by the loom house. When he saw me he exclaimed, "Why, Ellen, why are you not at school? You should be; you know that there is so much of the winter months you are compelled to miss because of Buffalo Run." I answered, "Well, Jeffrey, Mother (I always spoke of her as Mother) needs the quills; she said so." He went on up to the house. I don't know all, but Jefferson came back and began to talk to me this way, "You are a bad, stubborn girl to refuse to go to school. No wonder Mother told you to stay down here until after the men were gone; she did not want them to know that you would not go to school." By this time I could speak, and said, "Mother told me not to go". I'll always remember how he looked as he turned to go back to the house. In a few minutes after he left hurt and bewildered, I went to the house, and as I stepped upon the back porch I heard Mother say, "She's got more education now than I have". Then Jeffersen answered (and I bless his memory), "Mother, that is the more reason Ellen should be in school," adding dramatically, "You could not want a sister of mine to grow up uneducated. We should have the same interest in the one who has taken that place." I felt that I wanted to get away, so I ran back to the loom house, and when Mother called me I went to the house

with a degree of bitterness in my heart, for she had falsified against me.

That evening after supper Jefferson said, "Father, I want to talk to you and Mother about a plan I have, about Ellen getting to school. This afternoon I went to see and had a talk with the board of Trustees of the Oak Grove school, and they agreed that as long as that school was not overcrowded Ellen could be transferred from the Buffalo School to the Oak Grove School." His father said he thought that was a good plan and added, "I have thought about that very thing, but never seen to it." Jefferson said, "Well, will you attend to it at once? I must get back to my office and business, and I want to go tomorrow."

Mr. Hill did get my transfer and I went about six months the first year. Then the school overflowed (as they call it) and the next year the same thing happened again. But those days of school, "regular", meant more to me than the average days to the Buffalo School, which was the district to which I belonged.

It was a long time before Jefferson came home again, but he wrote to me once in a while. One letter he began "My dear little sister". How happy that made me, and I have part of one of those cherished letters—it is pasted in a scrap book. Then another time he sent me a book entitled "The Old Log Schoolhouse". When I left the farm I was not allowed to take it with me, but I could take all the kind thoughts of Jefferson that prompted him to think of my happiness.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SMALL POTATOES AND APPLES

Under the loom house was a large room called the apple cellar. In severe weather I would be sent to get apples or potatoes just as they were needed. And I heard so often as I would start from the kitchen a voice saying, "Now, don't pick out the big ones". I didn't, for there were no little ones in the bin, and no little apples in the barrels, so naturally I would take what was there. Then I was sure to hear, "Now, you have picked out the big ones; and I tell you over and over again not to pick out the big ones". Sometimes she would slap me with her hand, but this time it was worse. The first trip I made she slapped me and said, "You go to the cellar and get me the small potatoes. If you come back with the big ones I'll whip you good." Through my tears I looked in the bin, trying to find some small potatoes, but there were none to be found. When I got into the kitchen she looked at the potatoes and said, "These are the same ones. Too lazy to pick out the small ones." She was standing by the wood box and she picked up a piece of the kindling wood and she struck me over the head. The wood cut into the flesh on the back of my hand, and I left the kitchen to gather the eggs.

I did not purposely go to Mr. Hill, but he heard me crying and came to me and asked me what the matter was. I told him. He said, "Never mind, daughter, I'll tell Mother to go look herself. She'll see no little potatoes." He did talk cross to her. I have never heard him speak to her in the tone of voice he used that night.

This is the rest of the story. My hand became inflamed and festered. She used plenty of mutton tallow on it, but it looked bad. The day the huxter came I went out to the wagon where Mrs. Hill was exchanging her eggs for sugar and coffee. The huxter said, "What's the matter with your hand?" And without hesitation I answered, "Mother hit

me." But she spoke up quickly, saying, "She was a bad girl and I switched her hand. I guess it must have poisoned her hand." She did not say a piece of kindling wood, and child as I was I wondered when a lie is a lie.

When we were back in the kitchen she shook me, saying, "When anybody asks you a question, and you are not sure how to answer—don't say anything. And don't you come out to the huxter wagon any more." Then I wondered more about what she could mean.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TASTING BUTTER ELEVEN YEARS OLD

Tasting butter as a rule may not have any thrill in it, but if it is eleven years old that makes a difference. On October ninth in the year 1871 the great Chicago fire was raging; smoke was driven even into the state of West Virginia. On the morning of October the tenth Mr. Hill had men cleaning out a well in the orchard. This well had been unused since the new well at the house had been bored. Before noon of this day one of the men working at the well hurried to the house much excited saying, "Why we brought up a basket of butter". At this time there were several neighbors that were present discussing the Chicago fire, and with the news of the butter all present hastened to see it.

Mrs. Hill was saying as we went along, "Now, I know just exactly when that bucket went down. I would hang my butter in the well the night before I was to take it to the market. So it would be eleven years old this year, coming August. Now, the way that I remember so distinctly, I was fixing it when someone called me to tell me my Mother was dying. I let the rope slide out of my hands. My Mother died and as we were not using the water in the well the event was forgotten.

The butter was in squares and placed in a crock. The crock was in a basket made of hickory strips. The basket was water soaked and began to fall apart. The crock was cracked but the butter was firm, and so white, sort of ash color.

Doctor Boone was one of the men present, and he suggested we should all take a taste. There was a positive refusal by all present. He then turned to me and said, "Ellen, I'll bank on you. We will show these cowards that by tasting you and I will have learned what they will covet but will not possess. He took out of his pocket his

penknife and scraped off the top of a square of butter, then scooped up a portion saying, "This time, gentlemen, ladies first, I now proceed to taste. Ellen, they will all want to know what it is like, but we won't tell them; now keep that in mind as I serve you a taste." Of course there was no taste at all, but we did not tell those present.

At this moment Thornton came on the scene with the daily paper which was a day old when received at the farm. Up until this time the topic of discussion was, "Where is the smoke coming from". But now, right on the front page of the Wheeling Daily Intelligence, the great calamity of the age was printed—CHICAGO in ashes.

It stated the fire had started in Mrs. O'Leary's stable. Her cow had kicked over the lantern in the hay and the wind spread the flames. "Well, Ellen," said Doctor Boone, "You have tasted butter older than yourself, butter produced from a cow; and you can see and read about a cow that started a great fire, the news of which will go down in history."

The Chicago Evening Journal printed the first story of Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Major John E. Jeffrey was the publisher.

## CHAPTER XV

### HIVING THE BEES

It was the early part of April in 1872 that I had this thrilling experience of hiving a swarm of bees—without any help. First I want to say something about the bees. There are some people who can handle bees and hive them when they swarm without a bee sting; why I don't know. Mr. Hill and I were two persons who could do this. While Mrs. Hill or Thornton would have to secure themselves with veils and mittens and then sometimes what they feared would happen.

This day I was alone on the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Hill had gone to market. About nine o'clock in the morning I heard a familiar roar; it was that of swarming bees. I ran out into the orchard to see where they would settle, and fortunately for me they settled very low down on a peach tree.

The bee hives were kept in a storeroom over the blacksmith shop. I ran to the shop and up a sort of ladder which answered for stairs, but found I could not carry the hive down, and I knew that I must not let it roll down. All the while I was afraid the bees would leave, and as I hurriedly started down the ladder my eyes rested on a nailkeg. I pushed it over and poured out the nails. I took the keg to the peach tree. I could not carry the table that was also used, so I pushed it along under the peach tree, ran back to the wood yard and, taking two strips of wood, laid them across the table and placed the keg on them. I then took hold of the limb which was bent over to the ground with the weight of the bees. I raised the limb very carefully and with my hand caused the bees nearest the keg to start in, and then the trouble was all over, for like a mighty army they began to go into the keg. I watched until all were in. I was so happy; I thought that I had done wonders.



Long before the Hills returned I was perched upon the big post of the gate at the big road. When I saw them coming I ran to meet them to tell them about the bees. Mrs. Hill said they were wild bees from the woods, but I told her how they had come from one of the bee hives near the house.

Mr. Hill praised my work and said, "A swarm of bees in May is worth a stack of hay; a swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon; this being April this swarm will be worth two stacks of hay."

As soon as Mr. Hill put the horses away he brought a hive and we rehived them by starting a leader from the keg. In a day or so there was another swarm from another hive, and they said this was unusual. Mr. Hill was so pleased about it, but a funny thing happened along in the night. The bee roar began and we went out to see what was up. The bees that were hived in the afternoon were marching, roaring, into another hive of bees. Mr. Hill said, "Well, I can't do anything about it tonight'. In the morning while he was fixing to rehive, one of the swarms came out with a roar and flew high up in the sky and was soon out of sight. We could not tell which of the swarms it was. Then Mr. Hill remarked, "Well, one family was disgusted."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MILL STRAIT

In the spring of 1872 I had a thrill in this Strait. Mr. Hill was sowing oats on his farm, and he came to the house about ten o'clock saying, "Priscilla, I am sending Ellen to the Morris's to get a peck of oats, the kind I got from him; haven't quite enough to finish. It looks as if it would rain and I must get it all in." Mrs. Hill exclaimed, "Mercy, Jacob, you are going to send her on that horse Dexter, are you?" "Yes, as all the other horses are in use," answered Mr. Hill.

Dexter was a young horse. No woman as yet had been a rider on that horse. I want to credit that horse as having good horse sense, for I believe he sensed danger in the Mill Strait. He refused to go until I urged him in with a switch. This is one time that I should have been punished but was not, for the very last word from both Mr. and Mrs. Hill was, "Don't you go through the Mill Strait."

As I went for the oats I obeyed; I rode the trail around. But as I returned that stretch of water was very inviting to me to ride through. The oats were in a sack, and the sack was over the saddle, and seated thereon was I, with a great long riding skirt. I felt important and I was riding a horse named for the famous race horse, Dexter.

When I came to the place to turn on the trail around the Strait, Dexter wanted and insisted on going that way. That is why I believe that he sensed danger ahead. But with rein and switch I urged him to go through. When we came out at the other end of the Strait, if I could have understood the horse language of Dexter it likely would have been a strong lecture. As it was, Dexter's silence rebuked me. The water was clear, but there were great holes in the Mill Strait, and Dexter went down in one. The water was up over oats, saddle and most of me. I don't know just how I felt or how I managed to stay in the saddle, for I was scared.

On the way home poor Dexter limped. That was one worry, and another one was I would meet some kind of punishment when I got home. But I did not. I guess they were glad that it wasn't worse. Castor Oil and Boneset tea, and plenty of it, was my portion. Mr. Hill rubbed Dexter's leg with some kind of liniment and also gave him a big dose of Spirits of Nitre.

I know the wet oats did not get sowed that day. And Poor Dexter was lame for some time. Mr. Hill said to me one day, "Ellen, to see Dexter limp, doesn't it make you wish that you had obeyed us?" I answered, "Yes, I am sorry and ashamed."

## CHAPTER XVII .

### THE ADVICE OF A DYING WOMAN

#### And Other Reasons Why I Left The Farm

It was the month of June, 1876. A little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Hill. Very soon after this event it was evident both Mother and Child would soon leave this earth never to return. Mary Virginia died June twenty-first and Vesta, the child, a few days later.

Two days before she died Mary told her nurse she wanted to see me. She was told that I was not in the house. She then told Martha, the girl that was working in the home, to go to the big house and tell me Mary wanted to see me at once. When we were almost through the orchard Martha said to me, "Do you know that Mr. Martin has told Mary's folks, and also Thornton, that Mary will die?" Then she added, "Nurse Thorn told me this morning."

Nurse Thorn met me on the kitchen porch and said to me, "Now, Ellen, Mary insists on seeing you. I'll leave the room for a few minutes. You listen to what she wants to tell you, but you let her do the talking. By this I mean probably she will talk less, for she should not be talking at all."

Nurse Thorn opened the door of the sick room and quietly said to Mary, "Well, here's your girl. Now I'll run out to the garden to look at your wonderful Petunias and sensitive plants while you visit." Mary said, "Ellen, come and sit down on the side of my bed, I must tell you before I die what I should have told you long ago. Thornton and I talked about it, but were cowardly and let things go on and on, but now I'll tell you one thing—this—you are not adopted. Mother Hill wanted and kept you for her convenience. You worked just like any slave at any task, and everybody knows that you have been very profitable both in the house and on the farm. Three years ago, the weeks that you took care of all the stock, in that dreadful cold spell while Father Hill was at the M.E. Conference,

Thornton and I talked about what could be done and wondered how to go about doing it. If we had talked to the authorities we knew there would be more trouble and also disgrace. Do listen to me, Ellen, go away. You can make friends and make your own way, you have so much unhappiness here. Promise me, do promise me." All I remember saying was, "I don't know where to go."

Just then the nurse came in and also Thornton and Mary's Mother, who had been sent for because of Mary's critical condition. This was Sunday, and Mary died on Tuesday.

I often wished she could have heard me say, "I will go away," instead of what I said, "I don't know where to go."

This was the year of 1876, the year the Great Centennial was held in Philadelphia. After the funeral Mary's Mother went back to her own home. Thornton and his little girl, Ora, came to live in the big house with his Father and Mother. My duties became manifold, for very early in July Mrs. Hill began getting ready for the much talked of visit to Philadelphia, for the Great Centennial. Mary J. Holmes, a dress-maker, came to the home to make Mrs. Hill's new clothes for the occasion. One of the dresses was made of expensive black Merino, one of Japanese silk, but the one I thought most beautiful was made of Rep deltine, made princess style. A plaiting machine was bought to make the knife plaiting around the overskirt, and at the bottom of the black dress, and the silk dress was made with a polonaise, with lace around it and the sleeves and had very attractive buttons on them.

- When Mrs. Hill was buying the goods for these dresses for herself she also bought goods to make me a dress. It was black calico, and the price was ten cents a yard. She said to me, "Now, you be a good girl and take care of the house, and when I get back from the Centennial I will make it just like my black dress." She said this with an encouraging tone in her voice, which at the time fed my stupidity. But gradually I began to think. I remem-

bered Mary's words the last talk we had had together before she died, which were, "I was not adopted, and that I worked just like a slave at my task, and that I could not claim any part of the estate, no matter how many years I had worked on the farm."

Inside and outside work loomed up before me. It was weaving carpet and plain linen, twisting cotton and filling quills. I pieced quilts and I sewed carpet rags; all this I did to fill in the time between the more strenuous work so I would not be idle. I remembered how my hands would bleed when I hackled and scutched the flax, and how they would be scratched when I stripped the cane corn. The only release I had from feeding the cane into the grinder was when my hands and fingers would be so swollen from the stings of the yellow-jackets and hornets that I could not hold the cane stocks to steer them into the squeezer during the sugar making time.

I gathered the sugar water with Tom and Jerry, two oxen, and hauled it home in two barrels on a sled. I took care of all the deserted lambs in the springtime, and often fed them at first through a quill. As soon as I could milk I helped with the milking, and long before I could milk I gave to the cows their bran feed, or in the winter time, their fodder. I gave the milk feed once every day to the sheep, which were in two folds; I don't know how many there were in each fold.

But I do know that often when I would start to let the milk-feed run from the pail into their trough the sheep would sometimes come against me so fast it would knock me down, and some of the sheep would scramble over me. I would feed the spring calves their milk with a raw egg in each pail of milk. Sometimes their eagerness for milk was more than I was able to manage. In that case it meant spilled milk. I enjoyed feeding them, seeing their tails lashing, then watching them gulp down the raw egg whole.

As I went around doing the various necessary work I began to reason with myself, and I seemed to remind

myself that I never was given any money, and my clothes were the cheapest that could be bought.

I remembered the incident of the music teacher from St. Mary's who called to see if she could have me for a pupil. Mrs. Hill thought the teacher's suggestion was an insult. She very plainly told her so. The teacher had said that having no instrument in the house would not be a handicap, for she was sure that Mrs. Lemly would be quite willing for me to take my lessons and practice at her home the same as others, for the class was to meet there for her convenience. But I did not get the lessons. A few days later after Mrs. Hill returned from a visit to the Swans, her relatives, I heard her say to Jefferson, "You should hear Hattie (that was the Swan girl) play the piano; she is wonderful." To hear this hurt me. I had the desire, but no opportunity to study music.

A few days before Mr. and Mrs. Hill started for the city of Philadelphia Mrs. Swan, a neice of Mrs. Hill, came to see her on a business matter. During her stay she mentioned that her girl, Hattie, and her neice, Mary Galiway, would be sent to a boarding school beginning in October. These girls were sixteen years old—I was sixteen years old, too. I couldn't go to a boarding school, but I could go away somewhere. I felt so alone. How could I manage and where could I go? All this was feverishly going through my mind as I was trying to listen to Mrs. Hill giving me her last instructions about molding the butter, keeping her eggs gathered and counted ready for the market, and many other don'ts' and do's—and she would bring me a nice present from the city of Philadelphia. She did. It was a pincushion which looked like a toad stool. She said she had watched it being made from start to finish, and it may have cost her as much as fifteen cents; she didn't tell me.

They were gone exactly two weeks, and all this time I had the cooking to do for Thornton, his little daughter Ora, and Laura Parker, Thornton's sister-in-law, who was younger than I and was to look after Ora. Madison, the

youngest of the three sons, had graduated from college in June, 1876, and he had remained home from that time. He planned to practice Law, and he did before he died in 1879. In the second week a corn cutter was there for dinner and supper. I washed the clothes each week and ironed them. I baked bread, pies and molasses cakes (they were something like cookies), and the crullers I made were something like doughnuts. I helped with the cows as I always did. I was never idle.

Mrs. Lemly came in one day and I told her about my black calico which was to be made for me just as soon as Mrs. Hill returned. It was to have knife plaiting on the overskirt, just like her black dress. Mrs. Lemly said, "Let's surprise her. After you wash your dinner dishes you bring the goods and plaiting board and the needles; I'll cut out your dress and in two or three days you and I will have the dress made. Mrs. Hill will probably be very tired and will have much to tell about so that she won't get at the dress until it would be too cold to wear it this year.

I was so pleased. I thanked her and wanted to know if there was something that I could do for her, but she answered, "Never mind, child, you do well to do the things you are compelled to do. The dress was made and I wore it. I went with Madison in the spring wagon to the river to meet and bring home his Father and Mother. Mrs. Hill was very displeased about my dress. She said many hateful things to me during the drive home and she said many bitter things about Mrs. Lemly.

I suppose Mrs. Hill was travel tired, which made the dress aggravate her. She was in a mood to explode when we got into the house, and went about fixing dinner and continually finding fault with my efforts at housekeeping. Salt-rising bread wasn't light enough; I had put too much bluing in Ora's white aprons; I had let the irons get rough; the butter didn't look right, and she knew that I hadn't kept the churn clean. There was a scorch on the bottom of her porcelain kettle; it didn't look as if I had scoured the tin ware, and there was plenty of sapolia, no



excuse; and she supposed I had put in the time playing with Laura and Ora.

The truth is I was not guilty of omission of duty; it was she herself who scorched the kettle before going to the great Philadelphia. In her scolding she would refer to the black dress for she was sure that I had asked Mrs. Lemly to make it for me. I would tell her the truth each time, but she would say, "Well, you hinted someway, its the same thing and I'll ask her for an explanation for such interest in my affairs". As she went about through the house she discovered some things I had done in which I meant well, but later in life I could see it was a provocation to her. She was a housekeeper who believed in a place for everything and everything in its place. I did too, only I thought that new arrangements were an incentive to a young housekeeper, and I had my ideas where this and that would look best, and in the one week I had made changes which delighted me. But it was a different thing to Mrs. Hill, and it made her mad, and as she expressed it, she didn't have the time to spend hunting her things.

In the afternoon of this trying day Mr. and Mrs. Morris called in to get a few points about Philadelphia, for they were leaving in a day or so, and they suggested it would be nice if I could go with them; they would take care of me. Oh, what a shock to Mrs. Hill. She excitedly exclaimed, "A girl of her age has no business at a place like that big fair, and we are not even giving Madison expense money to go—and I want to show you my new shawl, what going through the crowds did to it. Look, there are places that every bit of fringe is worn off by rubbing against people in the crowds; and a woman staying at the same hotel we did had her watch stolen, it was cut from her chain and she did not know when it was done. So you will see that you will do well to take care of yourselves." Mrs. Morris replied, "We will risk it, and we are taking our Mollie with us, though she is so much younger than Ellen, we figure that it will be educational to her besides the pleasure of the trip." Just at this time Mr. Morris and Mr.

Hill came in from the yard, and soon they went home going the near way through the Morgan Place up Buffalo Run.

Mattie Lemly was with her grandparents at the big gate as Mr. and Mrs. Morris were passing through, and they discussed the why of their visit at the Hills, and Mattie kept all she heard in her mind to tell me at her first opportunity, which she did in less than a week. It was on Monday morning that Mrs. Hill told me to take a basket and go to Thornton's place and get what green tomatoes there were in the garden. These tomatoes would be used to make green pickle-lilli. When I got back to the house Mrs. Lemly was there; the black dress and I were the topic under discussion. Mrs. Hill was saying, "Even if you do say that she didn't ask you to make it, I don't believe it. You say that to cover up her impudence." Mrs. Lemly quickly replied, "I'm saying it because it is true. I said to Ellen, let's surprise her, but really I'm the one who is surprised. I thought that I was being kind, and you insult me by saying you do not believe me. And as for Ellen, I'm not the only one who is deeply sorry for Ellen, and let me tell you we gain our conclusions both by what we hear and see." And as she said that she went out the door.

Mrs. Hill went upstairs for the first time since returning home from the Centennial, and the mood she was in helped to make her displeased with some of the changes I had made up there in the bed-making which were as follows (and my style did jar on her nerves I know, so unlike her accustomed way): All bedsteads in the house except the one that Thornton brought from his home when he and his little girl came to live in the big house were four-posters. I gathered my idea of style from Thornton's bedstead. The spread or the quilt was to be tucked in at the sides, and to me that was the way that all beds should be made. All the beds were of feathers, and I was taught to shake toward the middle. The lower part would have a flounce ruffle around reaching where the featherbed rested upon

the rope mattress, to the floor, and the counterpanes would all have fringe around, and her quilts were wide and lovely colors, and the quilting was like darning. When Mrs. Hill went into the spare bedroom to put away some of her nice clothes this change was what met her eyes; it was too much for her to stand. The top of the bed was as smooth as the top of a table. The way I had done that was by running a broom handle over the top after I had made the bed. I tucked the counterpane fringe all in under, and she said I had ruined it by so doing. And the very broom I had used in working wonders she used to strike me. By this time she noticed that I had changed things around. She struck me again, so I ran around behind a chair, by instinct to avoid her third blow, which I did and ran down the stairs. I began fixing the tomatoes for the pickle-lilli, and this was my excuse for not coming to the dinner table, for I knew it could be seen that I had been crying.

Later in the afternoon of this same day someone came. I never did know who it was, only the voice I could hear was that of a woman, I was sure of that. Mrs. Hill and the voice I heard were in the middle room; I was in the kitchen. I did not even suspect they were talking of anything but her trip to the Great Fair until I heard Mrs. Hill say very loudly, "Everything is upset, it will take me weeks to get things in order again. The way I found the beds upstairs—" I did not hear her tell what she meant, so I do not know what she told her. Then I heard her say again, "I struck her and she took a chair to me". This was a cruel untruth. I ran out to the barn where I found Mr. Hill. I told him all about the circumstances and the accusation, and I said, "Pa, you know that I could not lift that big chair in the spare bedroom". He replied, "True, I know you could not, and I will talk this over with your Mother. You know how she is. I can't do much, but I will talk with her. Who was the woman she was talking with?" I told him I did not see who it was, but her voice sounded like Mrs. Brown's. Mr. Hill replied, "I'll ask Mother about it, I don't like you blamed for something that was not

possible for you to have done. You go in the house and go about your work, I'll talk to Mother after supper."

He waited until Thornton had gone upstairs, and then he opened up the subject by saying, "I think you have been too severe with Ellen and your severity has been unwarranted. Priscilla, who was the woman you were talking to this afternoon?" She answered him by asking him how he knew there had been a woman there. He answered, "Ellen told me, and I think there is a statement you made to her that should be cleared up. Who was the woman?" Mrs. Hill was so surprised. She looked at me and then at him. Only once before had I gone to Mr. Hill with any tale of abuse; surely she was surprised. She couldn't say anything at the moment. "You know, Priscilla, that Ellen could not lift that big chair from the floor, and as it is the only chair in the room (for I have looked to see), your accusation is unjust." "Well, the only reason she didn't is because she couldn't" Mrs. Hill said in her snappish tone, "and I'm not saying who I talked to or what I talked about. You run the farm, I'll run the house, and I'll not stand you telling me how and what to do, Jacob, understand that."

Just then I felt an urge to leave the room. I went upstairs determined to go away from all the misery and so much unhappiness. I was sixteen years old, and I was willing to work, and everybody that comes here is kind to me, maybe everybody I'll meet away from here will be good to me and help me find work, and wherever I work will be home. With all this reasoning running through my mind I found that I had somehow encouraged myself until I felt brave.

As soon as it was light enough to see the next morning I put on my best flannel dress, my best shoes, and I began to collect my few possessions together, knowing that whatever I took with me I would carry in my arms. This is the way I managed. I spread out the shawl that Thornton's wife had bought me when they were on their honeymoon. Then I placed a book I had received as a reward of merit

at school, named "Sophia Krantz", and then I placed other books like:—

Basket of Flowers

Anderson Fairy Tales

Theada

Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag

The Old Log School House

Then a small vase, which I wrapped up carefully, and then a little cross, anchor and heart, which was in black, fastened together; and this was fastened on a narrow ribbon and worn around the neck. All this went into my pack. Then I tied up the corners of the shawl. I was ready to go somewhere.

This happened in 1876, and today, 1941, I have a small piece of the flannel dress I wore away from the farm. This flannel I wove myself.

I went down to the kitchen, set the table for breakfast as usual, and I said nothing to Mrs. Hill. After breakfast Thornton went to the barn and Mr. Hill went toward the blacksmith shop, and I followed him. I told him I was leaving. He said, "Oh no, don't go." But I convinced him I could not stand the kind of life I had to live any longer. We went to the house together and Mr. Hill said, "Priscilla, Ellen says she is leaving us. Can't you make some kind of amendment? This dreadful, unpleasant situation must be overcome." Mrs. Hill said, very positive, "Let her go, she'll be glad to come back after she's knocked around awhile." Mr. Hill went out the door and as he did he said, "I'll see you outside. Ellen." I went upstairs, got my shawl with my possessions, but when I came downstairs with my bundle she shouted, "Let me see what you have in that bundle?" I humbly submitted to the inspection. She took the book, "The Old Log School House," saying, "You'll not take that, for Jefferson gave you that." She must have forgotten it was Jefferson who gave me the vase or else she would have taken that also.

I turned to go out the door and she shouted to Madison who was in the kitchen, "lock the door, don't let her go out." Madison said with much concern in his voice, "Why, Mother, you won't dare do that, you have no legal right to stop her from leaving if she wants to go, and if you are not careful—" I was out the door and I didn't hear all that Madison had to say.

Mr. Hill met me in the west yard. I told him where I had planned to stay for a day or so, for I knew that I would be welcome at the Bogarts for at least that long. I went by a shortcut which was through the Hill's peach orchard, and Mr. Hill walked as far as the orchard with me, and some of the things he said I shall always remember. He said, "I would rather follow you to your grave than see you go away, but knowing things as they are, I shouldn't want you to stay. I want you to listen to this advice, be a good girl, and if you ever have a home of your own, keep it and it will keep you." As he bid me goodbye he gave me fifty cents, saying, "It's all I have with me." I thanked him, and although in reality it was very little, my poverty made me feel it was much. With another goodbye Mr. Hill left me on top of the meadow hill perhaps a quarter of a mile from home. From the top of Meadow Hill it was a gradual slope toward the house; only one large tree stood in the meadow. I let down the bars, and looking down the slope I could see the HOME, but not my home, and I could see Mr. Hill going to his home. But I couldn't claim him, for I was not adopted; Mary had told me so before she died.

Mattie Lemly said in her note to me which she had sent with her Mother on Tuesday that she heard Mr. and Mrs. Morris say when talking to her grandparents that Mrs. Hill had made a scene in talking to them in the afternoon of Sunday, and they wondered if I knew that I was not adopted; that they hoped I would get wise. They said that Mrs. Hill had led some people to think I was adopted. But that was for her own benefit. How true I knew that was. That was what she had told me to tell people, "I was

Mrs. Hill's little adopted daughter." This was before I knew the meaning of the word.

While I sat there thinking these facts more courage came to me. I started to go my way. I put up the bars, and doing so I could see all over the meadow: the little brook that went zig-zag through and where I had pretended that the land on the other side was my land, as Mr. Hill had told me some day I might own it. I could see the big tree and it was near this tree that I could gather little blue and yellow flowers in the early spring. Again I was looking at the home. I could see Mr. Hill going toward the barn; I could see the cows, even see Pinkey, the one that I called mine because I had saved her life when she was just a calf. There was Patsy, the mare I loved so well I used to give her an extra ear of corn (before I learned why I should not). I remembered how BoBo, my pet cat, had started to follow me and I had to chase him back. All this was too much for me, the courage that was mine a little while ago had left me. I was standing by a peach tree that had been pulled out by the roots; I dropped down and leaning over on it I sobbed and sobbed just as if this peach tree could mother me. How I longed for a Mother and a home. Homes and Mothers were meant to be, why should I be denied.

I could see that men were coming to pull out more peach trees, and that forced me to hurry, hurry on the way to the Bogarts. Just as I came to a fence that I had to climb over, who should be on the otherside but Mary Cline. She had been helping the Speeces make their Sorgum Molasses, and they had given her a tin cup of molasses to take home. She looked at me and exclaimed, "Great Caesar, what's the matter with you, and where are you going?" All this in one breath; she had rested the tin cup of molasses on the top of the fence, and then it toppled off and spilled, and the tin rolled down the hill. She laughed saying, "There goes my sorgum". She made other speeches that made me laugh, for which that tin cup of molasses was responsible, such as, "Well, I lost my lasses, now I

don't need to go home, let's perch on the top of the fence and have a heart to heart talk, for unless I miss my guess, you have some mill-stones around your neck. I would like to see them roll down the hill. What say ye." Mary's manner and conversation soon won my confidence. I knew that she was looked upon by the community as a model young woman. She had been away to school studying to be a school teacher, and she had just such a way about her that every school teacher should have.

After she heard my story from me, I said, "I do not know how to tell Mrs. Bogart when I get there." She answered me, "I know how you feel, you are embarrassed at the moment, but you must not let that bother you. Just now you are going home with Mary J. Cline, for what if Mrs. Bogart would be away from home. Elizabeth told me last week at the spelling bee that she and her Mother were going over in Ohio to visit her brother before the cold weather set in, and I'll go with you tomorrow to see, so that if she isn't there I'll escort you back to the Clines for the present time. I'll look for the tin cup, then we'll go home." When she came back to the fence, she said, "Tin lost, easier to lose a tin cup than for people to lose their selfish sin. Let's go. Mother said she would make pumpkin pies today and there'll be one less soon after we get there, if Pa, by chance, hasn't heard about pies or smelled them. And he knows by experience that Ma would not refuse him a pie."

Soon we were going through their orchard, where the men were busy packing apples for shipment. Mr. Cline called out, "Hello, gals. Did you get through helping with the cane?" "Yes," answered Mary Jane, "They didn't have quite a barrel of molasses, plus a tincupful I let go down over the hill, and I didn't bother to go after it."

When we were on the side porch we could see Mrs. Cline clearing away the dishes and Mary Jane called to her Mother, "Leave us some dinner, Mother?" "Oh, it's you and Ellen Hill, isn't it?" "No, it's Ellen Gray," said Mary Jane. "Well, you girls must be hungry for it is way



past noon. Come, here is a pumpkin pie, your Pa said he wasn't a bit hungry after he had eaten up nearly a whole pie".

In casual conversation during the afternoon and evening Mrs. Cline gathered information which led her to conclusions which encouraged me. Such a pleasant evening. We cut a tub of apples for the drier, and Mr. Cline popped some corn, which he said was a failure because it was too fresh. Then Mrs. Cline glanced through my books, occasionally remarking about a title or chapter, at which she would be looking, and she quoted a verse from the book, "Basket of Flowers":

"On him I lean, who not in vain

Experienced every human pain."

After she had finished she said, "That means everybody".

I was looking at an instrument in the corner of the room. It was a melodeon, and I expressed my wish to hear her play. She went to a shelf near the instrument, took a book, then she seated herself upon the stool, saying, "Let's sing. One, two, three, ready all together." The book was the Gospel Hymns. The hymns were all new to me, but the three of them sang together with ease and harmony. Some of the hymns they sang were:

"Saviour More Than Life to Me"

"I Need Thee Every Hour"

I felt strangely comforted. All at once Mary Jane left the melodeon saying, "I want you to hear my Mother play her instrument". She went to another room, returning with a queer looking board with strings on it, or across it, and she placed it on a stand before her Mother, saying, "Play, Mother, play." The first she played was:

"When the Mists Have Rolled Away"

"I will Sing You a Song".

When she had finished the two hymns, Mr. Cline said, "Let's sing, 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie'. Then we better all go to bed; you and I are not so young any more, Mother, are we?" As Mary Jane and I left the room to go upstairs, her Mother called, "You girls better

sleep together tonight". Mary Jane went to a chest in the room and came back with a nightgown, saying, "You put this on. I think it will fit you in size. It belonged to my dead sister, Anna." "How old was she?" I asked. "Nearly fourteen years," she said. And I replied that I was sixteen. As Mary Jane was brushing her teeth she asked me, "What do you use to clean your teeth?" I answered, "The fine white ash from the hickory wood." "Is that good?" she asked. "It must be for Mrs. Hill told me to use it," I replied. "Where is your brush, I will give you a try with some of my mixture," said Mary Jane. I told her I had no brush, I used a rag. She looked at me strangely, and then said, "I'll tell you what, you can get you a brush with some of the fifty cents Mr. Hill gave you." "How much do they cost?" I asked. "Thirty-five cents in either of the stores on the run," replied Mary Jane.

In the morning when we came down stairs Mrs. Cline said, "I want you girls to go down on the run to Speeces Store after you have eaten your breakfast. We need some food stuff and I want you, Ellen, to pick you out calico for a dress, and pick out just what you like, only don't get real light, about seven yards. If Speeces don't have what you like go to the other store, Davis's." I said to her, "Fifty cents is all I have and I would like to get a toothbrush with some of it, I never have owned one." "Child, you buy a tooth brush. Besides fifty cents wouldn't buy you calico for a dress anyway. I am buying your dress goods and you and Mary Jane can do the house work while I fix you up in clothes. I have two dresses laid away that belonged to Anna, who five years ago left all earthly things for the 'Ever-lasting Heavenly'. The dresses are of wool delaine, and I know that you will like them. If they are too small I'll use both of them to make one. I've done that before in making dresses for Mary Jane lots of times. Even when Mary Jane went away to school the first year, out of two dresses I made her one." "Yes, and I liked it better than any one that I had," replied Mary Jane.

"Now you girls step along to the store so you'll get back before noon. Right after dinner we'll get together on the dress business. Here is a list of what I need you to bring back with you. I guess you both can carry it, and here, take this money and if you go to Davis' store to buy anything you pay cash."

When we got down on the run, Mary Jane said, "Come to the Davis store first, we'll go in and see his calico and if you like something he has we'll stop on our way home and get it." When we went to Speeces' Store I looked at the calico while Mary Jane got the food stuff and the mail. I found just what I wanted, and Mary Jane thought that it was pretty, so she told the clerk to tear off seven yards, and then said to me, "Don't you forget to get your tooth brush." After I had paid for my brush I had fifteen cents left, and I invested that in postage stamps.

We were soon home. Mrs. Cline remarked, "You girls must have hurried." Mary Jane said, "We did, and we have here a new dress and a new tooth brush, and a letter for you, Mother. Isn't that exciting. Do read it, I must know who it is from." Mrs. Cline opened the letter, exclaiming, "From the Williamsons, Josh Williamson. He is saying that beginning the first of November he has arranged for vocal singing classes in this community and wondered if we would provide him with a bed two nights a week as long as the term lasted. Well, if that is agreeable to you, Pa, it is with me."

By this time I had the calico unwrapped and Mrs. Cline thought that it was very pretty. "We will see about fixing over the two dresses first, for this is Friday. If Buffalo Run is not too high we'll go to Archers Chapel to the meeting Sunday. At any rate we can go to our own Church no matter what kind of weather we have.

The only thing needed to be fixed about the delaine dresses to make them ready to wear was to let out the hems so the dresses would be longer, and this was soon done. Then Mary Jane took my old hat, and, taking off an old faded bunch of flowers from the hat (which I had

fastened on with white thread because I had no black), said in a very tactful way, "Flowers are nice, but at this time of the year a nice bow of velvet ribbon looks warmer. Don't you think so? Which dress do you like best?" I answered, "I hardly know, but I think that I would like to wear this one first", as I placed my hand on the one with a vine and colors of tan, blue and green. "That's the one Anna liked best," said Mary Jane.

Sunday morning came, and while we were at the breakfast table Mrs. Cline said, "I am so sorry that we can not go to Archers Chapel today." I said, "Please, Mrs. Cline, I don't want to be against you, but I am glad that we are not going because the Archers are relatives of the Hills, and they all know me." "Maybe that's the reason I wanted to go, so that Mrs. Hill could learn that you do have friends who will properly take care of you. It would rebuke her." Then Mr. Cline spoke up, "Mother, you know the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' saith the Lord'." "Yes, I do, Pa, and there is something about Faith and Works in the same book, and I believe in mixing them together. The world needed Jesus to explain that scripture to the sinful human beings, like a few that I could name this day." Mr. Cline laughed and said, "Now, Mother, does that include me?" Then they both laughed.

By this time we had finished breakfast and we were soon ready to get into the spring wagon and on our way to church, the Zion Presbyterian Church, where they were members. We were late; the words of a hymn came floating out to us, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus". I had never heard that hymn before. It seemed to me so heavenly. Mary Jane took me to be with a class of young girls for whom she was the teacher. The superintendent read from the fifteenth chapter of Gospel John, beginning at the fourteenth verse, and he emphasized the fourteenth verse, saying, "We must understand what it means to have 'Friendship with Jesus'." There were no lesson leaves, the teachers taught from their Bibles.

Mary Jane's first question was, "If the friendship of Jesus is really ours, what are some of the things He will do for us?" Several of the girls gave an answer, but none were to the point like the way Mary Jane explained to us. Her explanation was so helpful, causing us to think, and by thinking to get the understanding. Before classes were over Mary Jane brought out of this one question all this: "If the friendship of Jesus is really ours, His friendship will teach us what things are really important and what are minor details. The large Service of Jesus as a friend is that lifting power which He brings into our lives. His teachings hold us up to the very best that we can be, or do. He will make us willing to serve Him in a desert place when perhaps we have been looking to a throng. He will make us willing to perform the humble tasks, whatever they may be."

After listening to a short sermon, we went home. On our way home Mrs. Cline said, "I was talking to Josh Williamson. He will begin his singing lessons in our community next Tuesday. He will stay at our home on Tuesday and Thursday nights of each week as long as the term lasts. I told Lila I wanted her to be with Josh next Tuesday, I have something very important to talk over with her. Lila said that she thought she could come; of course she would have to get someone to stay with Nancy and Lucile, but she thought Mrs. Byron Hays, Jr. would, as she had done so before."

Mary Jane spoke to her Father, saying, "Pa, Ma is keeping secrets from us. Let's make her tell us?" "You ask me in the morning. If I find out what she is up to, I'll whisper it in the morning to you. Is that satisfactory?" asked her Father. "Yes, as I have been told you were a man of your word," said Mary Jane.

By this time we were home. We soon had some dinner on the table and all enjoyed the food, for we were hungry. After we washed the dishes, singing was suggested, and I was allowed to select the hymns we were to sing. My first selection was "Come Great Deliverer, Come". I even

ventured to raise my voice, although I knew nothing about round notes. I felt such a thrill of peace and happiness. Several more hymns were sung, and then I asked Mrs. Cline to please play on her dulcimore. She took the hymn book saying, "I like this hymn on the dulcimore: 'There Were Ninety and Nine'." Just then Mary Jane said, "Oh, there comes Albert Williamson." As he stepped inside, Mary Jane said to him, "We have you booked for a solo this date and hour, which is exactly three p.m. Now, exactly now. Are you ready? Sing." He did, and he made the meaning of the words of that hymn speak a message. Then Mrs. Cline said, "I like this hymn: 'I Will Sing the Wondrous Story'." She played it, and Mr. Cline, Mary Jane and Albert sang. To me it was heavenly. We spent a pleasant evening together. Then Mrs. Cline said, "We must all go to bed early, tomorrow is a big day."

The next morning while we were at the breakfast table Mrs. Cline outlined the housework for the day as follows: washing, cleaning and tidying the house, churning and fixing butter for the market, counting the eggs for the huxter who would come on the following morning early, shelling and putting some corn in lye to make ready to hull for hominy. By this time, unless it rains, some of the clothes will be dry enough to iron. "Mercy, Mother, do stop," said Mary Jane. "You'll have us believing you have been a slave driver." "I told you last night this would be a big day, remember," said her Mother. "Tomorrow you know we expect company, and we want to make Ellen's new dress this week, and I was just thinking of the many numerous other clothes she is in need of, and I intend to see that when she goes from this farm she'll have enough clothes to at least fill a carpet bag." As she finished saying that she started down the path toward the milk house, singing:—

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by.  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by.

If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh the good we all can do,  
While the days are going by."

Her look, her voice, both registering within my inner self, made me realize a look and a voice can change and cheer a fainting heart and make the sad and lonely rejoice to live. Her looks filled me with courage and her voice filled with tenderness touched chords of aspiration in my heart making me wish to be not less tender.

As Mr. Cline was leaving the breakfast table he said to all of us, "Well, folks, I am off to the river to charter a boat for our apple shipment; no dinner for me. Maybe Mother will allow you girls to stop work long enough that you may eat a bite." It was a lovely fall day, and we accomplished every task and even more. We raked and burned the fallen leaves under the Balm of Gilead tree. At the supper table that evening Mr. Cline had some interesting news concerning his securing a produce boat to ship the apples south.

We all went upstairs to bed early, and we were all downstairs early the next morning when the huxter came for the eggs. Mr. Cline took the butter over to Ohio to their regular market.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson came as planned. And as soon as dinner was over Mr. Williamson left to take charge of one of his singing classes at two o'clock. Mrs. Cline said, "Girls, you wash up the dishes, Lila and I will go in the sitting room, we want to talk. After you are through with the dishes you come in, I want to fit your dress. You both have earned some rest." After we had finished the kitchen work we went into the sitting room.

While Mrs. Cline was fitting my dress, Mrs. Williamson said to me, "Ellen, how would you like to come and live with me and my family? You would share the same as our girls, Nancy and Lucile, and I think perhaps we could pay you something as wages besides." "Oh, how delightful. To be independent, why I am willing to work. Do

you really mean it?" I felt sort of ashamed of this outburst, but I was happy. Mrs. Williamson said, "Of course I mean it, child." My next question was, "When am I to go?" Mrs. Cline spoke up, saying, "We'll see about that later. I want to make you other clothes besides this dress." "Isn't there something extra I can do for you?" I asked. "You are helping with the housework, and I consider that fair exchange," answered Mrs. Cline.

In less than a month I was the possessor of three new dresses, two nightgowns, underwear, and the prettiest shoes I ever owned. A new hat and other extras that Mrs. Cline said "King winter would find me in need of." One day Mrs. Cline said, "Ellen, I am giving you my daughter Anna's carpet bag. She used it when she went away to boarding school; she has no need of it now. I think we can put all your clothes in it. And your books—we will find a box to put them in." I asked if she didn't think it best for me to put my vase in the bag for it would be less apt to get broken? Mrs. Cline said, "Oh yes, let me have it, and I'll wrap it up. What is this you have stuffed in it?" "I'll show you," I answered. I told her the story of the doll, and this is a quilted square that Mrs. Bogart gave me for a pattern when I was nine years old; she told me she was nine years old when she pieced it. And this is a letter written by two girls of the Shilo School, Rachel Branen and Lizzie Brown. I liked them very much because they never snubbed me. Lots of the girls did when we were at picnics or the quarterly meetings. You see, this letter is dated 1872; just before that we had been to a Christmas school treat. It was some of the well-dressed girls who were there who had what I will call snubbed me, and they made fun of my coppertoed shoes in my hearing. Rachel and Lizzie felt so sorry for me that they wrote this letter to me, and I want to keep it. They had nice clothes, and they both sang in the choir at Shilo, yet they were nice to me, and told me not to pay any attention to what they were saying."



"Nothing to hinder you from keeping it," said Mrs. Cline, "those are the kind of girls for you to associate with, and I am glad to see they are the kind you prefer." Mrs. Cline carefully wrapped and placed the vase in the bag. As we were placing my books in a box, out of one of the books dropped a letter from Jefferson which I also wanted to keep. "I am so glad," I said, "it is a letter from Jefferson. He was always kind to me and he wrote to me quite often. He called me Ella, and once a long time ago he began a letter by calling me 'his dear little sister'; that was when he was out west in the State of Kansas." Mrs. Cline asked me, "Were the other two boys kind to you?" I answered, "Thornton was, but Madison was mean to me, like this: if something was lost or broken about the house, although he was the guilty one, he would and could fix the blame on me."

When he came home from College in April vacation time he brought other students home with him. This particular time there were three, Johnson, Hudson and Ferris. The morning of this day Mr. and Mrs. Hill had gone away on business. Madison and the three students were on the ground between the house and the barn playing croquet. On one side of this ground was a shed built for little calves to be raised by hand. There were at this time seven or eight little calves in this shed. It was my job to feed them their milk with a raw egg dropped in each pail in the morning, or sometimes I would water them from a pail. On this day I was giving them water and the students came to watch them. One of the students said, "Wouldn't it be fun to see them out free, in the open space?" Madison told me to let them out. I did, and it was a sight to see those calves race around and around through the croquet ground, with their tails straight behind them. We tried to get them back in their pen, but they just kept on running. Mrs. Hill was now in sight and she called to us, "Who let the calves out?" Quickly Madison said, "Ellen." Neither the students nor I said anything. When I went into the house I was punished for what had been to them (the

students) just fun. And that same day Madison caused me to be scolded, but the students showed that they were not without some honor.

A little paper was printed at college, named "Ohio". The student editor had printed a bit of poetry which included these three students who stood six feet tall. I had heard a discussion about this a day or so before, and they seemed to be very displeased. I thought it was funny. It was:

"There's Johnson, Hill and Hudson, too,  
What in the world will become of you?  
You great big awkward slabby jakes  
Who never think you make mistakes."

I was feeling bitter because I had been punished about letting out the calves, and as I went through the room where the students were, I began to recite,

"There's Johnson, Hill and Hudson, too,  
What in the world will become of you?"

But before I could finish Madison called to his Mother that I was being very impudent. She came and took hold of me, but Johnson and Hudson both exclaimed, "Please don't scold her, we assure you we don't feel that she was impudent, we really enjoyed her recitation." Then Ferris spoke up saying, "Yes, and I feel guilty about the calf race this morning, we each expressed a burning desire to see them run, and we did, but Ellen got the punishment for it. Never mind, Ellen, while we are here we'll teach you how to play croquet."

When I had finished my story we had finished getting my things all packed and ready for Mr. Williamson, for he was to stop for me as he went home the next day.

As we were going down the stairs Mrs. Cline asked me, "Did you ever hear the Hills speak about relatives?" And I answered "No." "When we were at the Bogarts the other day she told me she was pretty sure you had an Aunt and Uncle in Ohio, and I was thinking that it would not be a bad idea to find out. What do you think about

it, Ellen?" Mrs. Cline asked. I answered, "I don't know what to think. Neither do I know what we are having for supper tonight." "Oh, I know," said Mary Jane, "Mashed potatoes, hot slaw, and ham without eggs." "Yes," said Mrs. Cline, "The huxter gave me fifty cents a dozen last week, eggs are too expensive to eat now."

The last night with the Clines was a pleasant one, just as all the others had been. I felt reluctant about leaving them. Mrs. Cline reminded me they would expect me to come to see them often. Besides the Williamsons came quite often to the Zion Church, and of course I would be with them.

Because of a new singing class arrangement it was Saturday morning when he was ready to go home. It was raining hard, and as we were taking our places at the breakfast table Mary Jane said, "Josh, do you know what day this is?" He replied, "a rainy day." But said Mary Jane, "What great event takes place in the east November tenth, that's today? Do you give up? Why, the Centennial of Philadelphia closes." "Why, so it does," said Josh. "Were you interested in the Great Centennial?" Mary Jane answered, "Not a great deal. I would be interested in hearing the Great Organ, and the blind pianist play that wonderful composition, 'The Storm'. Other than that my interests are nearer home." Then Josh looked at Mrs. Cline and asked, with a laugh, "Is Mary Jane telling me something, my curiosity is aroused?" Mrs. Cline said, "Time will tell."

I bid my three new found friends good-bye on the kitchen porch, and as I went down the steps the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Cline were saying, "Remember, Ellen, you are not far from us, we will be seeing you often." Mary Jane walked with me holding an umbrella over me as it was still raining. She kissed me good-bye and said, "Blessings on you, child, keep a tight grip on your new lease of life, 'tis the advice of this person, Mary Jane, who has been on earth three or four years longer than you. That of

course makes me competent to advise you. Don't you think so, Josh?"

By this time the rubber blanket was hooked up inside the buggy, and we were on our way. But when we got to Speeces Run we couldn't get through for the high water, so we had to go another way. I enjoyed riding in the rain and looking at homes and orchards I had not seen before. All the while Mary Jane's words, "Keep a tight grip on your new lease on life" kept going through my mind. And in the days which followed helped me to understand what she meant; that I was an individual, free, with human rights.

The Williamsons were so kind to me, and they helped me to see future possibilities. I shared the same considerations as did their two daughters, Nancy and Lucile. I was paid one dollar each week for the house work duties assigned me.

Mr. Williamson's sister was to be married. Mrs. Williamson made we three girls each a new dress suitable for a wedding, and my name was included in their invitation. I had never been present at a wedding, and this one was to be a very big affair. I felt that I might not know just how to act, but Mrs. Williamson put me at ease, saying, "You first notice how other folks do at the table, or any other place in the house. I won't be far from you at any time, and I'll introduce you to Josh's two cousins who are expected to be there, Janet and Bessie McCabe. They live in another state, but they are expected to get here any day now, and if they do you will meet them before the wedding; they are near your own age."

The girls came, and they were true aristocrats; but they were so nice to me that I would find myself forgetting who I was. I spoke of this to Mrs. Williamson. "Oh, Ellen," she said, "you must not hold undue reverence or stand in awe or fear of another. God never made any man or institution the custodian of the mental life of another. You are unconsciously placing obstructions before your powers and forces, which, if rightly unfolded and used,

might open to you revelations and lead you to heights even beyond those of the ones you mentally crouch before. We have within us the mental force that makes us what we are. Now I could not grace the position of the wife of our President, neither could she take care of my responsibilities, yet we are both important in our individual places. Those cousins of Josh's are what I might call model girls, but they have been raised on a cushion of advantage while you have been tossed about by the hand of adversity

"In the school of life there is a period where we may be ourselves, we may listen quietly to a severe teacher and yet be loyal to our better self, thinking for ourself. But in listening to others, what they say, that's the way to learn. When the highest speaks to the highest in another, sooner or later the response is sure.

"In a college where I was enrolled this was a motto the classes repeated every morning:

"'To live our highest in all things that pertain to us, and to lend a hand as best we can to all others for this same end.'

"Someone has said this, Ellen, and It's a truth well to be remembered, 'Tis the beauty of the mind, mildness and grace, affections kind, and virtue pure, that awakens Love, that will endure'."

"Oh, there is a verse like that in my book, 'The Basket of Flowers'," I said. "Do you know the name of the author?" asked Mrs. Williamson. I told her no, and she said, "We'll look it up. It's nice to know the author when we quote. Remember this, those who are born in the lap of luxury are apt to go to sleep, soothed by their money or their accomplishments. Work is the sole law of the world. It may be regulated with money and accomplishments.

"Bayard Taylor has put in verse a great truth:

"'Sloth is sin, and toil is worship;  
And the soul demands an aim.'

"Work, whatever its nature. It may be very humble, but not the less useful, and don't forget 'the Soul demands an aim'; we are building each day, OUR TODAYS, and the yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;  
Shun not the struggle—face it. 'Tis God's gift.'

"And now," said Mrs. Williamson, "we have had a heart to heart talk, and at the same time have made a big kettle of soap, and I am thinking as I cut the soap into the blocks, we used lye and grease, and scraps of waste meat: Just so our soul is the lye, it can eat up grease such as our physical inabilities and scraps of our adversities; and the harder the kettle boils the sooner we may cut out clean pure white blocks for the structure that we raise. I like to think with Longfellow:

"All are architects of fate,  
Working in these walls of time,  
Some with massive deeds, and great;  
Some with ornaments of rhyme'."

And as I finish this writing of Memoirs of my childhood days, in my memory there are faces before me which I clearly see leading me on the road, with a sense of gratitude in my heart to GOD for help and friendship of those who are truly "His Ambassadors and the Good Samaritans" on the rough roads of life.

Human nature has not changed, and the todays of this the twentieth century are not different from the yesterdays of the nineteenth century. In the world today are countless orphans just as then. There are persons who can pose as the Hills, who use the misfortune of others for stepping stones to their selfish gains. There are the Clines and the Williamsons who with their smile, or voice, throw sunbeams on darkened walls, teaching the fainting ones to keep their faces always toward the light; to look up and not down; to look forward and not back; to lend a helping hand.

THE END

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